

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1908

NO. 48

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Important Discussion about City Streets--- Several Liquor Licenses Granted Saloon Keepers and Grocery Stores

All the members were present at Monday night's meeting of the City Trustees.

A communication was received from John J. Welch applying for the position of poundmaster. Upon motion, action on the application was put over until next meeting, no ordinance having been adopted yet creating the position.

A communication was received from John Guerra who made application for the position of garbage collector. Upon motion, the application was laid over until next meeting.

A communication was received from a Baltimore bonding company stating that if the Trustees would release it from liability from the time ex-City Clerk Mason resigned from such position, it would rebate the unearned portion of the premium. A resolution was offered and adopted releasing the company.

Trustees Hynding, Edwards, Hickey, and Gaerdes made reports on the conference held by them with the Executive Board of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company in San Francisco last Friday evening. As a result of the conference, the Land Company will submit a proposition to the Trustees next Monday night defining its ideas as to what should be done with the streets of South San Francisco.

The question created quite a discussion.

Citizens Adolph Jacobs and P. L. Kauffmann argued that the streets should be absolutely owned by the people of this city, and that the Trustees should not agree to any other proposition. The public had use of the streets for a number of years and it

should continue to have the use of them.

Attorney H. W. Brown stated that it was not necessary for the city to own the streets, and mentioned other cities that did not own their streets.

Trustee Hynding said that he thought the Land Company was disposed to be fair in the matter, and that it would be soon enough to discuss the question when the Land Company's proposition was submitted to the Trustees.

Mr. J. W. Lilienthal, the company's attorney, was preparing the proposition and would be present at next Monday night's meeting to explain it to the people of South San Francisco.

A garbage ordinance was read by Clerk Smith, which, upon motion, was referred back again to the Ordinance Committee for additions.

Resolutions were adopted showing that several ordinances passed by the Board had been legally published in THE ENTERPRISE.

An ordinance was introduced making it unlawful for anyone to carry concealed weapons without permission from the Trustees. Referred to the Ordinance Committee.

Nineteen applications for saloon liquor licenses were granted.

Three grocery store liquor licenses were also granted.

Episcopal Church Services.

Rev. J. C. Astredo, of the Grace Cathedral staff of the Episcopal Church, at San Francisco, was in South San Francisco a few days ago making arrangements to do some active work in connection with Grace Episcopal Church here. Regular services will be started in the near future and the Sunday school will be given special attention.

A large assortment of wet weather wearing apparel at Schneider's.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Residents of South San Francisco are asked to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South San Francisco can be of material help.

Gerry Welch of San Francisco was in town yesterday.

Mat Callan, of Colma, was a visitor to South San Francisco on Tuesday.

City Marshal Kneese started in this week to collect license taxes from the local liquor dealers.

A one-room building has been added to Guild Hall which will be used as a kitchen when occasion requires.

Supervisor-elect Jas. T. Casey and W. H. Almon, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, were visitors to South San Francisco yesterday.

Dr. J. P. Hickey, of San Francisco, has located permanently in this city. His office and residence is at 342 Baden Avenue.

Work on the large main sewer through the railroad embankment at the foot of Grand Avenue is being done in a first-class manner.

The long-looked for rain has come, and everybody is happy. Mushrooms and wild flowers will now soon make their appearance.

M. Lynch, one of the proprietors of the Meehan House, on the Mission Road, was a visitor to South San Francisco yesterday.

The local Woodmen of the World unveiled a monument over the grave of Martin Rabb, one of its deceased members, last Sunday afternoon at Cypress Lawn Cemetery. There was a large attendance at the ceremonies.

Mrs. Vujtech came down from Cottonwood, Shasta County, last week to look after her husband, John Vujtech. She has rented and furnished one of the flats in the Hansbrough Building on Grand Avenue and is taking care of her sick husband there.

J. D. Tregloan, employed as cutter with E. W. Langenbach, in the tailoring department, has just returned from a three-months' course in up-to-date styles in tailoring in New York City. Mr. Langenbach is now prepared to make men's suits in a classy and up-to-date manner.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

F. O. E.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, held a very interesting session Tuesday last. Five new members passed through the various ordeals and became Eagles. The social committee was kept busy caring for the various wants of those present. Then, it was the night ordained to nominate officers for the ensuing year. On Tuesday next the election of officers takes place, and it is hoped members will be present in force.

IMP. O. R. M.

Members of Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, with the assistance of Wahnita Council, Degree of Pocahontas, No. 35, gave a grand masquerade ball on Thanksgiving Eve, and to say it was a great success is only half expressing it. Socially and financially the support given by the members of the order from Redwood City, San Mateo, Colma and San Francisco surpassed anything ever given in South San Francisco before. It was a jolly crowd. The committee wish to thank those who in any way helped to make the dance a success.

THE CITY TO BE CLEANED UP TO-MORROW

Both Local Improvement Clubs Have Been Active in Making the Necessary Arrangements

To-morrow will be a busy day for the people of South San Francisco.

The two local improvement clubs have been busy during the past week making arrangements to have a Cleaning Up Day here.

The business men have subscribed liberally to a fund to pay for the necessary expense connected with the work.

Every resident is expected to get out to-morrow early to clean up his premises and adjoining streets and lots and place all rubbish in piles.

Several wagons have been donated to be used during the day in disposing of the accumulated garbage.

At noon a lunch will be given to workers at Justice McSweeney's court room.

To-day will be Tag Day, when the school children of this town, in addition to the committees, will seek to raise more money for the cleaning up fund.

A meeting of the committees of both the local improvement clubs was held last evening at Judge McSweeney's court room.

Judge McSweeney called the meeting to order and acted as chairman. E. I. Woodman was elected secretary.

Reports were made by sub-committees in reference to moneys subscribed to the Clean-Up fund and donations of wagons and tools for use in cleaning the streets and lots to-morrow.

The city was districted by Dr. D. B. Plymire, and the following named committees were appointed to have charge of the volunteer workers to-morrow:

District No. 1 (all that portion of South San Francisco west of Eucalyptus Avenue)—W. J. Martin.

District No. 2 (between Eucalyptus and Magnolia Avenues, from Railroad Avenue to northern limits of city)—John Nealis, E. C. Stahl, Mrs. E. C. Stahl.

District No. 3 (between Magnolia and Spruce Avenues)—E. W. Langenbach, D. Palany, Mrs. W. S. Money.

District No. 4 (between Spruce and Maple Avenues)—Thomas Hickey, A. Anderson, Mrs. A. Anderson.

District No. 5 (between Maple and Linden Avenues)—E. E. Cunningham, J. D. Maule, Mrs. D. B. Plymire.

District No. 6 (between Linden and Cypress Avenues)—Harry Edwards, A. P. Scott, A. Hynding, Mrs. A. P. Scott.

District No. 7 (between Cypress Avenue and San Bruno Road)—A. McSweeney, D. McSweeney, M. F. Healy, Mrs. W. C. Schneider.

District No. 8 (between San Bruno Road and Southern Pacific Railroad)—Adolph Jacobs, W. C. Schneider, J. W. Holston, Mrs. Kate Sheehan.

It will be the duty of the women on the above committees to pass out meal tickets to the volunteer workers, who will be given a free lunch at Judge McSweeney's court room between the hours of 12 noon and 2 p. m.

The following named dining room committee was selected: Mrs. W. J. Martin, Mrs. D. B. Plymire, Mrs. G. Halston, Mrs. J. Eikerenkotter, Mrs. A. McSweeney, Mrs. H. E. Styles, Mrs. M. Filcher, Mrs. J. D. Maule.

The joint committee adopted a resolution that all members of both clubs shall attend the meeting of the City Trustees Monday evening and urge that a garbage ordinance be adopted, and one providing that only metal receptacles shall be used to put garbage in.

This city has started on a new era and it is hoped that a sufficient number of citizens will turn out tomorrow and make South San Francisco a city to be proud of.

Do a little side work for The Enterprise, and earn some easy money. See ad on page 6.

We do all kinds of job printing

The Enterprise is giving away money. See ad on page 6.

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Kauffmann Bros.

Light and Heavy Hauling promptly attended to. Baggage and Freight transferred to and from Railroads, Hotels, Residences, Etc., at reasonable rates.

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"Save Something" is a Close Third

**"Put Your Saving in This Bank" is
Fourth**

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier

South San Francisco

Railroad Time Table

BAY SHORE CUTOFF.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:13 A. M.
7:23 A. M.
7:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
8:03 A. M.
8:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
9:23 A. M.
10:08 A. M.
12:53 P. M.
3:01 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
5:23 P. M.
7:03 P. M.
7:13 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVES

6:57 A. M.
8:37 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
2:18 P. M.
3:37 P. M.
4:37 P. M.
5:57 P. M.
6:47 P. M.
12:02 P. M.
(Theatre Train)

SHUTTLE SERVICE

From San Francisco via Valencia Street and to San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff.

6:30 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
10:15 A. M.
(Sunday only)
11:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
12:40 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
6:20 p. m.
7:19 p. m.
(except Sunday)

From San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff and to San Francisco via Valencia Street.

5:50 a. m.
(except Sunday)
9:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
10:20 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
11:35 A. M.
(Sunday only)
2:30 P. M.
5:25 p. m.
(except Sunday)
6:25 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

* NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

11:30 A. M.
2:30 P. M.
6:00 P. M.

† SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.
3:00 P. M.

* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

County Officials

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnston
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman
Health Officer..... D. B. Plymire, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Ekerenkotter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney
Constable..... Bob Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermon at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:45 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer service Thursday at 7:45 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

Holding Trumps

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Bitter Creek cared little for the presidential race. It was too remote from the center of things to care which of the two Williams occupied the White House. It was the tail of the ticket that interested Bitter Creek, and interested it mightily.

The camp had reached a stage in its development where a local sheriff was of greater importance than a national ruler. The fight was to be made strictly on party lines, but the parties were the Colcordites and the Myllusites.

It was agreed that either man would admirably perform the onerous duties of the office, but Ben Colcord and Tom Myllus both wanted the place, and the contest would be none the less exciting because the two men were close friends.

"This sure is going to be a fight," announced Colcord when he met his chum after the nomination. "No hard feeling if I beat you, Tom?"

"If you can," confirmed Myllus, with a laugh. "I think I see myself wearing that badge already, Ben."

"Not if I can help it," denied Colcord. "I've a few ideas as to how to run a campaign myself, and I'm going to try them."

"Anything short of shooting," assented Myllus. "I hold the trump card, though. You wait and see."

Bitter Creek did not have long to wait. Colcord led from the first and took the first trick by fitting the old Bella Union as a picture show. In between reels he made a speech to the audience, and the audience included most of the townspeople in the course of the evening.

The pictures were changed every evening, and even the barkeepers at the new Bella Union and the Yalta were permitted to take time off to see the new reel run through.

Business at the faro tables suffered, and Colcord would have become unpopular had it not been that at the conclusion of each performance he led the audience across the street for a drink, patronizing first the Bella Union and then the Yalta.

It was the general opinion that Colcord had set a pace too swift for his rival to follow, but Myllus only smiled.

This smile grew broader the following week when Myllus played and took the second trick. Bitter Creek sadly lacked the feminine element. Save for Mrs. Mulligan, who ran the Golden West hotel, the census of Bitter Creek was entered in the male column of the records.

The arrival of Edna Myllus created nothing less than a sensation, and that evening the picture show was deserted, while the voters of Bitter Creek slowly filed past the Golden West in the hope of obtaining a sight of the new arrival.

Edna Myllus was well worth the trouble. She was a slip of a girl with a coronet of silky hair the color of virgin gold. She dressed with an artful simplicity far more fetching than the latest fashion, and her smile was simply irresistible. She was just out of college, in love with the west and delighted to be one of the factors in an election contest.

Tom fitted up a store near the picture show, and waffles, with real honey, vied with the pictures as an attraction. Waffles were Edna's specialty, and with sleeves rolled above her dimpled elbows, with dainty apron and a coquettish cooking cap, her face flushed from the heat of the fire, she was a picture—and a moving one—far more effective than the product of lantern and film across the street. Bitter Creek decided that of the two Tom Myllus was better fitted to be sheriff.

Colcord racked his brains for something to counteract the effect of the waffles and brought down to the Creek half a dozen minor pugilists, who battled for the benefit of a mere handful of spectators, while the rest of the camp watched Edna make fudge.

Colcord left the fight and went over to see what success the fudge maker was having. The room was packed with men solemnly masticating the toothsome compound, while Myllus made a speech.

They listened, as in duty bound, but all eyes were upon the trim little figure hovering over the stove at the end of the hall. She had impressed Mrs. Mulligan as assistant, and the ponderous figure of the elder woman made an excellent foil for the girl.

Edna looked up, with a smile, as Colcord entered and made his way to the stove. It was by no means his first visit, and she had come to like the frank, breezy man who at once was her brother's friend and rival.

"I'm perfectly happy," she whispered as she offered Colcord a plate of the

sweets. "When we made fudge in a chafing dish I used to say that I hoped some day to be able to make all I wanted to. I've got my wish sooner than I expected."

"I wish I might have mine," retorted Colcord.

"You can't," was the prompt reply. "I'm going to elect Tom as sheriff. Perhaps if you are real good I'll elect you the next time."

"It's hard to fight fudge," assented Colcord, with a laugh, "but there is still the home stretch to be run off. You wait and see."

Edna smiled as she shook her head in disapproval of the claim.

"The way to men's hearts is through their stomachs," she reminded.

"A lesson you have taught me," he admitted. "You have dealt me the trump card."

"I thought you told Tom you held it all along," she retorted.

"This is a new deal—and a new trump," he declared mysteriously. "You wait and see."

He would not explain further, and presently he made his way back to the picture theater, where the concluding bout was just over. It had been an expensive experiment, and Colcord reflected that if fudge could beat fighting in Bitter Creek he had already lost.

His trump card was a burgoon. Colcord was from Kentucky, and he had pinned his last faith on this savory stew, the weapon of the politician, the delight of voters for generations.

Two aged negroes were imported to superintend the making, and Colcord had selected a field on the outskirts of the town where the crowds would have to pass his rival's house on the way to the grounds.

The day before election was selected for the function, and all business was suspended by common consent that every one might participate.

Colcord watched Myllus sharply for a counter move, but no announcement came, and, with a chuckle, Colcord assured himself that at last he had played a trump, and played it at a moment when it would save the game.

He made an early trip to the grounds, where already the great stew was bubbling and seething in its caldron. Edna was in the yard in front of the shack her brother had taken when he had arranged for her coming, and he stopped to chat and brag a little on his success.

"I don't suppose that you'd care to come to the grounds," he said, "but you really ought to taste the burgoon. There is nothing else like it. I'll send or bring some over."

"I shall be delighted," was the demure reply, and Colcord rode on rather sorry that he had to whip Edna's brother. It might reduce his chances of winning Edna, and that was even more important now than the office on which he had once set his heart.

It had been announced that the burgoon would be served at 2 o'clock, but it was well past that time when a single rider came to explain why the crowd had not shown up.

"Myllus is giving a lawn party," explained Colcord's friend. "There's a dancing floor laid down in his yard and a band from Silver City. You can't get a man past the place, for Miss Edna is dancing with all in turn. Looks as though we were beaten, Ben."

"I'm rather glad that we are," was the unexpected reply as Colcord turned to give an order.

Some time later the guests at the lawn party were surprised to see Colcord drive up. In the wagon box were the two negroes and the caldron of burgoon.

"I promised to bring you some," explained Colcord as he approached Edna, "and as no one else seemed to want any I brought all of it. It may help out with the refreshments. It's rather a cold day for a lawn party, and the hot stew will be appreciated." "Splendid!" cried Edna. "If you will drive round the house I'll show you where you can have it served. We only have cakes and lemonade."

She led the way to the back of the house, where the two cooks unloaded Colcord's addition to the refreshments and prepared to serve it. Colcord made the best use of his time, and when he appeared in the front yard again he approached Myllus.

"Tom," he said, "you can be sheriff, for I'm going to be your brother-in-law. I told you that I would win, but I didn't realize that my trump card would be the one you held."

Pat and the Lava.

An Irishman, having returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen, "Now, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

No Advance Copies Given Out.

Gwendolen—What did Archie say when he proposed to you? Esmeralda—He won't say it until next Thursday night, and it won't be released before 12:30 a. m.—Chicago Tribune.

E. E. Cunningham & Co.,

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South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company.

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San Mateo County

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South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

FOUNDERS OF THE CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

THE SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY designed in its original plan to make of South San Francisco a great manufacturing center. With that object in view, it originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo County, on the bay front, five miles south of the City of San Francisco. Since the original purchase, the company has added greatly to its holdings by the purchase of large tracts of adjoining lands, giving to it a perfect environment for the complete development of a great manufacturing city.

The faith which this Company had in its enterprise has been manifest to everyone by the large expenditure it has made in the development of this property. Every foundation which goes to make a perfect condition for manufacture has been already solidly installed, and

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

is a rapidly growing city; it is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to Town, and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent Water Works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a Bank and a Town Hall; and a population of over 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where everyone may secure lands at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The completion of the Bay Shore Tunnels has placed South San Francisco on the main lines of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and forty passenger trains per day connect it with the outside world.

With the completion of the Dumbarton Bridge and Cutoff, now rapidly being constructed, South San Francisco will have all railroads which center in San Francisco passing through its midst.

Many industries are already established here, chief of which are the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Soap Works, the Baden Brick Company, Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, the South San Francisco Lumber and Supply Company, and other enterprises, all of which are in full operation to-day. The American Smelting and Refining Company has purchased over 300 acres of land in South San Francisco for the purpose of erecting a great plant, which they estimate will cost upwards of \$5,000,000. The Doak Sheet Steel Company has purchased a large tract of land and has already commenced the construction of a large rolling mill. Other factories have recently made purchases, and South San Francisco is plainly destined to fulfil all that its promoters had hoped.

For Manufacturing Purposes, South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay

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W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent, South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.
South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE
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PACKERS OF THE

MONARCH
and
GOLDEN GATE
BRANDS

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County, - - - - - California

THE ENTERPRISE

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One Year, in advance.....\$2 00
 Six Months ".....1 00
 Three Months ".....50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY... NOVEMBER 28, 1908

The rains came in time to make Thanksgiving a day of thankfulness.

Think of poor Mr. Leiter having to worry along on \$54,000 a year; and him with a young wife, too.

A Baltimore man ate 200 oysters in an hour. This is an unusually full-stomach story in these lean times.

We desire to respectfully call the attention of our City Trustees to the question of some sort of a sewer system for that portion of this city south of Grand Avenue.

Five days divorced, the original "Merry Widow" was wedded to a New York lawyer. Really seems as if New York lawyers were getting more than their share of merry widows.

Our local Women's Improvement Club is busy doing good. Our city fathers will find the city mothers the better half by far of the civic partnership.

The First Township of San Mateo County should be provided with a high school. This town, by virtue of its population, wealth and local municipal government, should lead in providing this needed educational facility for the public school children of this Township.

"Do women dress to please men?" inquires a female writer. We do not know. We hardly think they dress in the all but vain hope of pleasing the other women, however.

Personally, President Diaz, of Mexico, would like to retire, but politically speaking he has no intention of retiring. Mexico is one of the few republics that truly appreciate a master workman.

Turkey refuses to be consoled by the thought that, though she has lost some provinces, she has gained the sympathy of Europe. Anyhow she would like it to be plainly understood that she has now all the sympathy she requires.

An Atchison man married a school teacher, and he says that for three years whenever the school bells would ring, she would act up like the horses at the fire department when the fire bell rings.

The press and the politicians seem to be solicitous about the future of President Roosevelt. Their fears are without foundation. When Roosevelt leaves the White House and has rested, he will find work to do, and he will do it. He

will be the same vital compelling force out of office as in office.

The fight is on in California for civic and political reform. The Burlingame Advance is out against the prize fight gambling game and the great Northern gambling joint in the northern end of this county. Abroad in the State a strenuous fight is being waged against race track gambling.

The territorial autonomy of the City of South San Francisco was violated at the hearing of the petition for incorporation by the Board of Supervisors for San Mateo County. The territory arbitrarily refused the petitioners by the Board belongs legitimately to this city. Its acquisition does not depend upon the favor of the Supervisors. It is solely within the power of the people of this city and the territory adjacent to decide upon annexation. Why should this matter be longer deferred?

At the end of this year (December 22-23) there will be a total eclipse of the sun, visible only in the southern hemisphere. Astronomers have been endeavoring to find a spot from which the eclipse can be observed. Bouget Island, situated in latitude 54 deg. 22 min. S. and longitude 3 deg. 1 min. W., has been suggested, but M. W. Downing, director of the British Nautical Almanac, points out the important fact that this island lies 10 minutes south of the southern limit of the zone of totality, so that only 0.988 of the sun's diameter will be eclipsed.

Although it is early as yet to compare the cost of operation of electric and steam locomotives, enough has transpired to indicate that the electric locomotives cost considerably less. It takes 30,000 miles of running to wear down the tires of an electric locomotive 1-32 of an inch, whereas that amount of wear will take place in from 8,000 to 9,000 miles on steam locomotives. It is not necessary to give the electric locomotive a round-house inspection at the end of every day's work. They are inspected at the end of every thousand-mile run, and the work can be done in about three and a half hours. According to J. P. Kelly, speaking before the Traveling Engineers' Convention, the round-house examination consists in blowing out the electrical apparatus with an air blast; examining the motors, cleaning the commutators, contactors, switches and controllers; gaging the contact shoes, and oiling the journals. The inspection can be commenced at once, since there is no fire cleaning, coaling, or watering to be done.

THE criminal law as administered in this country is a farce, so far as rich or powerful defendants are concerned.

This condition seems to be the fault of bench and bar about equally. The laws, as passed by the people's representatives, are clear and plain, and the procedure prescribed by the codes is equally plain and clear and designed to secure the enforcement of the laws, and equal justice to all. The statute law is however one thing, and the law of precedents and judicial procedure, traditions and decisions is quite another. Broadly speaking, the legal profession appears to be united to defeat rather than to obtain justice. The ablest and most skillful of its members use their learning and ability, not

to right wrong and compel justice, as their oath requires, but to invent quibbles and exalt technicalities to defeat equity and right. The judges on the bench are simply lawyers promoted from the bar, and come into office thoroughly imbued with the idea that the law is as a famous lawyer once described it "a box of tricks."

The field for reform in this department of government is a wide one and the need for radical change urgent.

It is a self-evident truth that all the people whose homes are in this young city are directly and deeply interested in its growth, prosperity and government.

The adoption of municipal government was by a nearly unanimous vote of the citizens of South San Francisco.

The people also elected trustees, who are to frame the laws and organize municipal government in all its branches. The task imposed upon the five citizen trustees is not a light one, and is not only weighty, but the work is new to these law makers.

They should be granted ample time, and in the discharge of their trying duties should have the hearty support of all the people of this new municipality. In this way only can the best results be obtained.

Another matter of the very first importance, in all that concerns the advancement of this city, is that its citizens should be a unit. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," neither can a community or a municipality flourish if divided. Factionalism is fatal to progress. The kicker and knocker is the deadly foe to advancement.

One obstructionist, one conceited critic, one carping knocker, can undo the work of a score of earnest workers.

The Monday night meetings of the City Trustees are full of interest to house-holder and free-holder alike, and draw regularly a large and earnest audience. In the course of these meetings the people can speak upon any matter pending before the Board of Trustees.

This is as it should be, and brings city government back to the primitive American plan of government by and through the town meeting, which means government by the people.

The one thing to be guarded against is, that the right of open, free discussion at these meetings shall not be abused. That the town hall shall not be used as a stage, upon which oratorical wranglers may exhibit their skill, or give tongue to their personal animosities.

Let us all pull together for the upbuilding of this, our home town. Let us stand up for this young

city in season and out of season, at home and abroad.

Let us all be boosters.

Let the voice of the kicker be hushed.

Is anyone owes a neighbor a dig or grudge let him leave it behind when he goes to the town meeting.

Boost, but don't knock.

NOT IN FAVOR OF CAPITAL REMOVAL

To the Editor of THE ENTERPRISE—Sir: The Alumni Association of the University of California, consisting of the graduates of the University and of the Affiliated Colleges, through its Council, elected at the annual meeting of the Association and composed of George Edwards, '83, president; T. A. Perkins, '96, vice-president; Mrs. May L. Cheney, '83, second vice-president; James K. Moffitt, '86, treasurer; Gurdin Edwards, '07, secretary, and John A. Brewer, '03, Edmond O'Neill, '79, C. S. Greene, '86, Frank Otis, '73, Leander Van Orden, D. D. S., '94, A. J. Cloud, '00, Edith Brownsill, M. D., '04, H. M. Simmons, Ph. G., '95, G. S. Millberry, D. D. S., '01, councilors, at the regular monthly meeting of the Council held on November 12, 1908, adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas, circular letters were distributed throughout the State by the promoters of the attempt to remove the State Capital to Berkeley, with the following heading 'University of California Alumni Capital Removal Committee, Berkeley, California,' and

"Whereas, this caption conveyed the impression that the letters were issued by the Alumni Association of the University of California; and

"Whereas this circular had no official sanction whatsoever from the Alumni Association or its officers; therefore be it

"Resolved, that the Council of the Alumni Association regrets that the name of the University and the Alumni were used in connection with the Capital removal, and deprecates such use in connection with any other political measure not officially authorized.

(Signed) GEORGE EDWARDS,
 President."

Berkeley, November 20th.

The Alumni Association, as the general organization of all the University's graduates, to whom she should be able to look for unselfish devotion, has been working for and still advocates certain definite things believed to be of prime importance not only to the University but to the State at large, namely the protection of the University from any diminution of income as a result of change in State taxation; a liberal appropriation by the Legislature for the erection of a suitable building for the College of Agriculture on the University grounds in order that the agricultural interests of the State may be more amply served by fuller opportunity for education and research; increased appropriations for the express purpose of increasing the salaries of instructors, not only up to a fair living scale, but also that we may be able to compete with other universities in keeping the teaching force up to standard; and appropriate legislation which shall make the president of the Alumni Association a member of the Board of Regents of the University so that the Association can better live up to its purpose of service to the University.

For the Council,
 GURDIN EDWARDS,
 Secretary.

A Good Guesser.

Aubrey—I say, old chap, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver? Plantagenet—No, my dear boy, but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf.—London Telegraph.

Expert Criticism.

"I don't like that judge," said the smooth crook; "his speech is so jerky." "I would say," remarked the Boston burglar, "that, though they are unorthodox, I rather like his short sentences."—Baltimore American.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing do it now.

He's From Missouri; You Have to Show Him.



Governor Folk is from Missouri. He's regarded as a pretty good citizen himself. See what he says about a certain sort of citizen:

"I do not believe in the mail order citizen. IT IS BETTER THAT WE SHOULD HAVE A THOUSAND TOWNS THAN ONE LARGE CITY. If a place is good enough for a man to make his money in, it certainly should be good enough for him to spend his money in. The merchants have a just right to all the business of the town in which they have their stores, and every good citizen will help them to get it."

Did you ever see a FINE LARGE FACT so simply stated?

GRACE GUILD BAZAAR.

Grace Guild is preparing to give a bazaar and social next Saturday afternoon and evening at Metropolitan Hall. Several beautiful articles suitable for Christmas gifts will be sold. It is expected that there will be large attendance at both affairs.

All interested in the Dinner Set given away at Schneider's call and get particulars.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate, Execution.

C. C. P., Secs. 692-693. No. 850.

Sheriff's Office, County of San Mateo, State of California.—ss.

O'Brien Company (a corporation) vs. G. B. DeMartini.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, of the State of California, wherein O'Brien Company (a corporation), Plaintiff, and G. B. DeMartini, Defendant, upon a judgment rendered the 18th day of November, A. D. 1908, for the sum of two hundred ninety-nine and 99/100 (299.99) dollars, in lawful money of the United States, and costs (85) inches more or less to the northern line of "E" Street; thence along said last named line sixty (60) feet more or less to the point of commencement.

Commencing at a point of intersection of the northern line of "E" Street with the western line of the County Road and running thence along said line of said County Road north 32 degrees 49 seconds, west seventy-six (76) feet and seven (7) inches; thence south sixty-seven (67) feet and one-half (8 1/2) inches more or less to a stake on the eastern line of the right of way of the Southern Pacific Railway; thence along said last named line south 48 degrees 30 seconds east fifty-nine (59) feet more or less to the northern line of "E" Street; thence along said last named line sixty (60) feet more or less to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of lot number twelve (12) in block number twenty-four (24) of the property of the City Extension Homestead Association as said lot, block and streets are delineated and so designated on a certain map entitled "Map of the City Extension Homestead Association," and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of San Mateo, State of California, in Book of Deeds 93, Page 231.

Therefore notice is given that I will on Saturday, the 19th of December, A. D. 1908, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Court House door of the County of San Mateo, in the town of Redwood City, in said County, sell to the highest bidder at Public Auction, for cash, all of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said Defendant, G. B. DeMartini, of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs.

ROBERT S. CHATHAM, Sheriff.

By F. T. BARTLETT, Under Sheriff.

Dated at Redwood City this 24th day of November A. D. 1908. Nov. 28-4

J. P. HICKEY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office and residence, 342 Baden Avenue, South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

FOR RENT.

The Union Hotel, furnished complete; centrally located; or will sell; at a reasonable price; a five-year lease can be had. Apply at this office. Nov. 7-1m.

FOR SALE

Six-room house, Fourth Addition, San Bruno, facing Mission Road; latest improvements; easy terms. See L. T. HANSEN, San Bruno. Oct. 31-1m

Sunset Shaving Parlor

MANUEL MONIZ, Prop.

316 Grand Avenue, South San Francisco

ROYAL RAGE.

A Story of Emperor William II. and His Mother.

In a character sketch of Emperor William II. in the American Magazine Octave Mirbeau tells an interesting story of the kaiser's relations with his royal mother. The incident was related by Prince Bismarck one night when he had been drinking too much. "And no one," remarks M. Mirbeau, "was more brutally sincere than Bismarck was under the influence of wine." Here is a part of the story:

"The relations between William and his mother, the Empress Frederick, became at last so bitter that William placed spies about her, even in the bedroom of his invalid father.

"Through one of these spies William learned of the existence of a journal which his father had kept for some years. Frederick had a taste for writing, and the fact that there was coldness between him and his son led William to fear that this secret journal might contain some criticism of his conduct.

"The empress, however, was clever enough to conceal the diary before her husband's death. Eluding the surveillance of her son, she sent the papers to her mother, Queen Victoria, or to her brother, then Prince of Wales, I don't remember which.

"Hardly had his father drawn his last breath when William over the dead body performed his first official act.

"It was to demand of his widowed mother the journal, which he termed a 'memorial.'

"The empress feigned ignorance. William insisted. He spoke as master, giving his mother the order to obey. She persisted in declaring that she knew nothing of the papers.

"Well," he commanded, purple with wrath, 'you will remain under close arrest until you have obeyed me!'

"Bismarck, arriving at Potsdam two hours after this, found the palace surrounded by squadrons of armed cavalry.

"The emperor, whom he found still exalted, told the old chancellor how he had met the disobedience of his mother.

"And she need not expect pity or consideration until she has obeyed me," he declared. 'You understand that, Mr. Chancellor? Until she has obeyed me!'

"The pupil had gone much too far. Bismarck saw at once that the buffoonery continued might mar the whole of William's reign. Later in life, he said, he used to wonder how he kept from laughing in his sovereign's face.

"What he did was to receive William's news with deferential silence and later, when the emperor was calmer, show him that his course was sure to meet with general disapproval. There was a way, he thought, of proceeding much more vigorously and at the same time efficaciously. Why not rather cut down the income of the empress, suspend her appanages?

"I know her majesty," said the good Bismarck. 'She has pride. Forced arrest she can brave out, accepting it as a sort of martyrdom, but the money, sire, the money! Who can resist money?'

"Further, he laid tactful stress upon the probable representations of England. 'Is it really the moment, sire?'

"The kaiser, becoming appeased, listened to Bismarck's counsel. The arrest of the empress was removed. The officers led their cavalry back to quarters, and William turned his attention to the details of his father's obsequies, which he wished to be most fastidious."

The Garrote.

The garrote is a thing that no man of nervous temperament should look at. Once seen it never can be forgotten. Just to think of it months afterward brings up a choking sensation which makes one long to tear away his collar and breathe the free air as deeply as he can. It rests upon a raised platform, an ordinary straight backed chair, with thin iron clasps on the elbows and legs of the chair. These are for the arms and ankles of the condemned criminal. At the top of the back of the chair is a band of iron, one end of which swings out so as to admit of a neck being inserted. This band snaps around in place, and all is ready. A twirl of a crank in back and as the band crushes the neck back a pin pierces the medulla oblongata.—New York Sun.

To Cure Hay Fever.

Take one pound of ragweed leaves (with stems, flower and seeds indiscriminately or without them), boil in two quarts of water down to one quart and strain. Divide this one quart into three parts—viz, one pint and two half pints. On the first day take one-twelfth of the one pint every hour—twelve doses. The second day take one-twelfth of one half pint every hour, and on the third day take the same quantity—viz, one-twelfth of one-half pint.—Detroit Free Press.

BATHING AT DIEPPE.

When the Comtesse de Boigne Tried It In the Year 1806.

The Comtesse de Boigne in her memoirs gives an account of a visit she paid in 1806, which is interesting in view of the position Dieppe now holds among French watering places.

"The poverty of the inhabitants," she says, "was frightful. The Englishman, as they called him (and for them he was worse than the devil), was cruising incessantly before their empty harbor. With much difficulty a boat was able to escape from time to time and go fishing, always at the risk of being captured by the foreigner or confiscated upon the return journey if the telescopes of the watchers had seen it approach a vessel.

"As for the comforts arranged for the convenience of bathers which Dieppe has since organized, they were nonexistent at that time. My brother was able to find a little covered cart, and with great trouble and great expense, notwithstanding the universal poverty, a man was hired to lead the horses down to the sea and two women to go into the sea with me.

"These preparations raised the public surprise and curiosity to such a pitch that my first bath was watched by a crowd on the shore. My servants were asked if I had been bitten by a mad dog.

"I aroused extreme pity as I went by, and it was thought that I was being taken down to be drowned. An old gentleman called on my father to point out to him that he was assuming a great responsibility in permitting so rash an act. It can hardly be imagined that the inhabitants of a seashore could be so afraid of the sea.

"But at that time the people of Dieppe were chiefly occupied in keeping out of sight of it and in protecting themselves from the disasters which they feared the sea might bring, so that it was for them nothing more than a means of annoyance and suffering. It is curious to think that ten years later bathers were arriving in hundreds, that special arrangements were made for their convenience and that sea bathing of every kind went on without producing any astonishment in the neighborhood.

"I have thus attempted to point out that the custom of sea bathing, which is now so universal, is comparatively recent in France, for Dieppe was the first place where it began."

TREE DWELLING ANTS.

South American Insect That Acts as Plant Guardian.

Ant defenders of plants and trees are some of nature's pretty marvels. The Cecropia adenopus is a remarkable tree of south Brazil, widely distributed through the tropics. Its slender trunk is crowned with long leaves at the ends of the branches.

A few active ants run continually along the branches and the leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rushes out by small apertures ready for a savage assault on the intruder. The ant is the terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the leaf cutter ant.

The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles. These are formed of delicate tissue, rich in proteids and all, as rations for the garrison of defender ants to feed upon. The curious arrangement by which entrance is made to the hollow stem has been studied by W. Schimper.

Just above the point of insertion of each leaf extends nearly to the superior node a superficial groove, at whose end is a rounded depression. There the tissue is thin, like a diaphragm in a tube, and it also is soft. The hole by which the ant enters is always pierced at this spot. The ants seem to have made their entrance through the groove originally because it was at the top. In the course of this plant's further development natural selection augmented these natural advantages, so that finally the thin, frail diaphragm as it exists today was developed.—Chicago Tribune.

Married the Day They Met.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend who was something of a matchmaker having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

It requires little exertion upon our part to bring misfortune upon ourselves.—Menander.

NEW YORK'S BOWERY.

Why the Upper Part of It Was Named Fourth Avenue.

In the early forties of the last century there lived in Brooklyn a Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith was a rising civil engineer, and most of his work was in New York. It was necessary that he be nearer his place of business than Brooklyn, for in those days ferries were slow and infrequent, no bridges spanned the river, and horse cars were the speediest means of transit. Being a man of moderate means, Mr. Smith went house hunting through the streets of New York, seeking a modest but respectable abode. Near the upper end of the Bowery he found a small house. Elated with his success, he rushed home with the news to his wife. But when he mentioned the name of the street in which this house stood his wife's face fell.

"How could you think of it?" she asked. Smith was in despair.

Even as far back as 1840 the Bowery had acquired an unenviable reputation. Mr. Smith tried to explain that the upper part of the Bowery was still untarnished; that many very respectable people lived in that part of town; that it would be many long years before crime and sin would spread that far north.

It was all wasted energy. The fact that she would be living on the Bowery was sufficient for Mrs. Smith.

As a civil engineer it was Mr. Smith's custom to overcome obstacles. The following day he hired a conveyance, and he and Mrs. Smith went house hunting together. Mrs. Smith knew her Brooklyn thoroughly, but had only a slight acquaintance with New York. After driving through many streets without finding a suitable house the husband quietly turned into the Bowery at Union square and slowly walked the horse in the direction of the house he had found the previous day.

Suddenly Mrs. Smith exclaimed, "Why, there's a pretty place to let, dear!"

"Where?" listlessly questioned her husband, purposely looking in the opposite direction. Had Mrs. Smith not been so intent upon the house in question she might have noticed the merry twinkle in her husband's eyes and suspected something.

"Right over there," she replied, pointing to the house with the "To Let" sign. An examination of the premises convinced Mrs. Smith that she must have the place, and when she learned that her neighbors were old friends of hers she had her husband close the bargain at once.

All this time no mention was made of the street. How Smith managed to move into the house and keep Mrs. Smith in the dark as to the name of the street is a mystery. But there came a day, and there was a storm. The tear fall was something heretofore unknown in the Smith household.

Once again Mr. Smith's habit of overcoming obstacles stood him in good stead. His wife would not live on the Bowery. Her home was ideal, her neighbors were good people, but they lived on the Bowery. So Smith and one of his neighbors went before the board of aldermen. The neighbor had influence. The street signs from Union square down to Fourth street were changed. Instead of "Bowery" the words "Fourth avenue" were substituted.

And Mrs. Smith was happy ever after.—New York World.

A Curious Spanish Custom.

Ellen Maury Slayden in the Century in an account of her own and her husband's lavish entertainment in a Spanish household says:

"No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come 'to see you eat.' Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their having something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime."

Shortening of the Day.

It has long been known theoretically that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumptions, and, using the data available, W. D. MacMillan made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

Waiting.

"Where are you lunching now?" "Over here at one of these places where you wait on yourself. Where are you eating?" "Oh, I'm still over there where you wait on the waiter."—St. Louis Post.

BLACK FOX PELTS.

Only About Five Skins Are Secured Each Year.

In the estimation of trappers of the Canadian northland as well as in the eyes of the nobility of Russia there is only one king of beasts, the highly prized black fox. On an average five perfect pelts of this rare fur bearer are brought down from the northland each year and in rare years as many as ten or twelve, though each year thousands of men make a living trapping and the yearly catch of foxskins amounts to over 100,000 from Canada alone.

In no way except in color does the black fox differ from the red fox, whose pelt sells for about \$2. or from the gray fox, whose winter coat is valued at from \$150 to \$400, but whenever a hunter can secure a black fox and remove its skin without marring the fur he is sure of receiving from \$800 to \$1,500 for his trophy. Not only is every black fox pelt bought as soon as taken, but a dozen Russian noblemen have paid agents traveling in North America all through the winter seeking out remote hillside farms and abandoned logging camps where it is possible that a shy and elusive black fox may have been seen.

Within the last twenty years a number of wealthy men who have owned fenced game preserves have spent vast sums of money in buying foxes alive and turning them loose within private inclosures. By and by it may be that some skilled or fortunate breeder will produce a black pup or perhaps a pair of black foxes may be captured alive, and from these a new breed of black foxes will arise and cause a great panic among the men who hunt for black foxes. He who can wrest the secret of breeding black foxes from nature is assured of riches past counting and can command the worshipful homage of the Russian nobility and aristocracy, who seem willing to sacrifice untold wealth for the pleasure of wearing overcoats made from the pelts of American black foxes.—Edmonton Cor. Toronto Globe.

GROWTH OF CARICATURE.

John Law's Wild Schemes Gave It a Tremendous Impetus.

Caricature is nowadays one of the principal methods of criticism. No movement can overreach the mark without eliciting dozens of works of art from caricaturists all over this and all other countries.

This branch of criticism and attack dates far back, but the greatest impulse it ever felt came from the age of tremendous speculation, when, in 1719 and 1730, John Law was manipulating things financial in France. Never before had the financial world been so carried off its feet as it was at that time. Members of the nobility were waiting for a chance to purchase shares in Law's schemes. Duchesses and ladies of high renown tried their most persuasive charms on Law in the attempt to get hold of shares. Men hired out their backs for writing desks, so great was the press of business in making contracts, and one hunchback is reputed to have made 100,000 francs in this way in a few weeks. The French went veritably mad over the schemes to become wealthy. Naturally the papers of the time, especially those of Holland, caricatured the state of affairs. There were pictures of all sorts caricaturing Law, the nobility, the schemes and everything connected with them.

It was this tremendous amount of pictorial work that first directed the energies of William Hogarth in London in this direction. Caricaturing began to be used more and more in the political field, and soon afterward it caused the shelving of Robert Walpole from the English ministry. Ever since then has caricaturing been one of the bitterest and most effectual methods of checking public men and their schemes.

Another Knock.

"Hotel clerks are cold hearted," sighed the shabby tragedian, who was traveling with a toothbrush and a compass.

"Speaking from experience, pal?" asked his barnstorming chum.

"Sure! I approached the clerk of the Red Dog inn and told him actors deserved special terms."

"Ah, indeed! And what did he say?"

"He said yes, they deserved six month terms in the county workhouse."—Chicago News.

No Fiction.

It was a clerk in a Detroit bookstore of whom a prim matron demanded a book for her son. "No fiction, please," she explained, "but absolute, literal truth, without unnecessary verbiage or absurdly fanciful pictures."

"Well, madam"—The bookseller paused, his eye running over his shelves; then, with a flash of inspiration, he took down a volume. "I should think this might meet your requirements," he said, and he handed her a popular geometry.

LEGAL WORD SPECIALISTS.

Have to Know Exact Shade of Meaning in Words and Phrases.

"Some people seem to think that an important legal document can be drawn up by a lawyer in the time it takes his client to smoke a cigar," remarked a gray haired law clerk the other day. "It takes time and the most scrupulous care to get things just right. If lawyers were not careful the Lord only knows where the clients would land."

"Why, I know a man in one of the great law offices who is a specialist in the exact shade of meaning of each word or phrase used in a legal document. Nothing goes out of that office without being submitted first to him to pass upon. Sometimes he will give a week to the study of but one short but very important paper, theorizing as to the possibilities of its meaning being construed this way and that. When he gets through with a document, however, and has submitted every word of it to the acid test there is practically no chance of its not being exactly right, as to its verbiage at least. In some cases, too, it is deemed desirable by clients to becloud the meaning of a contract so that there is a loophole for its being construed in another way in the event of certain contingencies occurring. That is where the services of an expert word juggler are indispensable."

"The biggest case that I ever heard of in this line was when one of the great corporations wished to issue some mortgage bonds against its property. A long contract had to be drawn, and the wording on the back of the bond had to be decided upon. The matter was so important that, after the attorneys themselves had decided on the forms to be used, it was turned over to two of these experts in verbiage."

"They looked up the dictionary meaning of practically every word used in the two documents and made innumerable changes and suggestions. Before the papers were finished thirty different drafts of each of the two documents had been made, and there was not a word used in the final form of the papers that had not been considered carefully, not only as to its individual meaning, but also as to its individual relation to the other words of the phrase or sentence containing it. It is safe to say that these two documents are never likely to be assailed successfully in a court of law and that they mean exactly what the corporation and its counsel wished them to mean."—New York Press.

ABOVE THE LAW.

Courts Have No Jurisdiction Over Foreign Ambassadors.

The chief of an embassy is an august being and one who boasts some remarkable privileges. It may be mentioned to begin with that in the land in which he is officiating an ambassador ranks immediately after the princes of the blood royal.

The ground on which an embassy stands is in theory as well as in practice the territory of the nation to which its principal occupant belongs. Even if a criminal were harbored in an embassy the police could not enter the premises without permission.

An ambassador is above the law of the country to which he is accredited. The courts have no jurisdiction over him, and, strangely enough, his subordinates and even his domestic servants are also inviolate. The humblest employee in the embassy if he committed a punishable offense could not be arrested without the consent of his master, nor can an embassy official be imprisoned for debt.

Ambassadors are to be envied most of all perhaps for their freedom from the burden of taxation. They disburse not one penny in taxes, either directly or indirectly, and, as for the custom house, it is nonexistent so far as they are concerned. No duty whatever is charged in respect of wines, cigars, cigarettes, etc., that are consigned to them.

Again, their excellencies need not bother about taxes unless they please. That they do so is purely an act of grace on their part. They are not legally exempt from these tantalizing demands on the purse, but if they declined to meet them there would be no means of enforcing payment.—Cassell's Journal.

Feminine Fortitude.

Comparisons of the relative fortitude of men and women are idle as odious. Parallel lines never meet, as we all know. Still, no man ever yet smiled with the toothache, while women have been known to manifest continued gaiety under the trying combination of new shoes, a violent headache and a pin sticking straight into the shivering spine.—Exchange.

In the face of a man you may see the secret of his life.—Hearth and Home.

COMEDY IN CRIME.

The London Urchin With the Bun
Down His Back.

It has been a matter so customary to look upon crime as tragedy and criminals as tragedians that to aver that comedy is more frequently to be found in crime than tragedy seems at first view paradoxical. Yet such is the case.

A little London urchin ran into a baker's shop and, placing a halfpenny on the counter, asked nervously and timidly, "Mister, 'ave you a 'alf-penny buster (bun)?"

"Yes, my little man. Here is one quite hot."

"Thanks, mister. Would you mind a-shovin' it down my back?"

"Down your back, my little man! Why down your back?"

"Cos, sir, I'm only a little un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'ungry, I am."

"Dear me, how wrong of them! Come round here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back."

The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy.

"I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e arsk you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?"

"Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em. 'E's just round the corner."

Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big boy collared the till and bolted.

The shopman never saw the comic side of it all.—London Strand Magazine.

A Hungry Mexican Shark.

Pursued by a nine foot shark, which when they abandoned their boat at the shore put his front fins on the edge of the boat and ate the fish therein as a pig would eat out of a trough until in its greed it swallowed a big hook thrown into the pile of fish, is the story told by several fishermen and people who saw the windup of the affair. The fishermen were returning to port with their sloop filled to the gunwales with fish when they noticed a great fish pursuing them and rapidly gaining on them, although still about 1,000 feet away. They hurried to the pier, where in terror they scrambled out of the boat. The shark, for such the fish proved to be, followed them and immediately mounted part way into the boat, where he began devouring great quantities of fish in single mouthfuls. The fishermen hurriedly secured a shark hook, which they threw in with the fish. The shark, after a mouthful or two, took the hook into his mouth along with several fish and swallowed it. A crowd of people had gathered by this time, and all lent a hand in pulling the monster in.—Mexican Herald.

The Meeting and the Parting.

They had met by chance at Atlantic City. They were strangers to each other, but he was convinced that she was a southern girl of high caste, and she in turn believed him to be a New York man of money.

"You are from New York, aren't you?" she abruptly asked when they had paused for a moment after a stroll along the beach.

"Yes," he answered, determined to reveal himself in his true station. "I live in East Sixteenth street, where I grovel among my fellow clerks on \$10 a week. But you—you are a southern lady of social distinction and"—

"No," she coldly rejoined; "I live in East Sixteenth street among the clerks also."

"Anywhere near 258?" he faintly asked.

"Next door—258!"

Then they parted.—New York Times.

Very Clever.

They tell a story in London of a certain peer who had never before shown the slightest interest in horse racing that he surprised a young man of his acquaintance by asking him apropos of nothing which horse had won the Derby. The young man told him. "That was very clever of him," replied the peer. "Was it the first time he tried it?" The young man stared, but said "Yes." "Then I call it very clever of him," replied the noble but incomplete sportsman, "to win the Derby the first time he tried for it."

Pleasant For the Lender.

"There," said Dubley, adding up the column of figures, "a total of \$652. I guess that's all. Oh, no; there's \$30 I forgot! Gee! I wish somebody would lend me \$682. Can you do it, old man?"

"What for?" demanded Markley.

"Why, I want to get out of debt."—Philadelphia Press.

We are natural believers. Truth, or the connection between cause and effect, alone interests us.—Emerson.

To Polish Mahogany.

"If others are troubled as I have been," says a writer in Harper's Bazar, "with a blue gray appearance on the surface of any of their highly polished furniture they may feel perfectly safe in using the following:

"To about a quart of clear water add a tablespoonful of good strong vinegar. In the solution saturate a soft cheesecloth and wring out as dry as possible. With this rub lightly the surface to be cleaned and dry—always rubbing lightly—with a dry piece of cheesecloth.

"If afraid of this at first, you might experiment on a section of the furniture that does not show. The inside of the top lid of the piano might do if that is the article to be cleaned. In case of the first application not entirely removing the cloudy look repeat the operation in about a week and you will have the satisfaction of seeing your furniture look as fine as it did the day it left the factory."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of Emilia Silva, sometimes called Amalia Silva, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of E. F. Fitzpatrick, Fitzpatrick Building, No. 10 Broadway, Redwood City, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the said County of San Mateo, State of California.

ROBERT A. SILVA,
Administrator of the estate of said deceased.
Dated, Redwood City, California, November 11, 1908.

Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for said estate. Nov. 14-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Dora Cohen, sometimes known as and called by the name of Dora Cohn, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Dora Cohen, sometimes known as and called by the name of Dora Cohn, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California, the same being my place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of San Mateo, State of California.

ABRAHAM COHEN,
Administrator of the estate of Dora Cohen, sometimes known as and called by the name of Dora Cohn, deceased.
Dated at Redwood City, San Mateo County, California, October 29, 1908. Oct. 31-5t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

MINA LOOMIS, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY H. LOOMIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of San Mateo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

James B. Feehan, Attorney at Law, 407 Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to Harry H. Loomis, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within said county, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, this 4th of December, A. D., 1907.

[SEAL] JOS. H. NASH, Clerk,
By A. L. LOWE, Deputy Clerk.

James B. Feehan, Attorney at Law, 407 Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Plaintiff. Nov. 7-10t



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This offer is open to all residents of San Mateo County, and especially to those living in the First Township, in which the towns of South San Francisco, San Bruno, Millbrae, Colma, Vista Grande, Hillcrest, Crocker Tract and Visitation are located.

All names of new subscribers brought or sent to this office must be accompanied with two dollars for each yearly subscriber.

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THE CARNAGE OF WAR

Story of a Survivor of the Battle of Gravelotte.

An Advance Under Fire From Behind Barricades That Literally Mowed Down the Charging Troops—A Hand to Hand Conflict in the Streets.

William Guldner, a survivor of the battle of Gravelotte, the most hard fought victory of the Franco-Prussian war, tells in Harper's Magazine how he saw the victory as color bearer of his regiment:

"It must have been, I think, about 4 o'clock when Colonel von Boehn rode to the head of the regiment, and we all straightened quick, as on parade. And he said sharp a few words, something like, 'Men, the regiment has a good name, and you will give it a still better one.' I was in front and could hear part of what he said.

"The colonel led us to the left, and we crossed a railroad track and went through another little white village, and then we faced a slope—a long slope—with a village on it, which the French had made into a fort, and we, our regiment and others, were to capture it, and there were many Frenchmen and cannon there.

"The colonel rode on a horse, he and the majors and the adjutants. Our captains usually rode, too, but this day the captains sent their horses back and went on foot.

"And soon our first men began to fall, for we came under the fire of the chassepot. It was hard, for we could not see the enemy. These first ones were many sharpshooters in a ditch, and the noise of their firing was like that of a coffee mill—kr-r-r-r-r! They drew off as we went forward. It was only at a walk that we went—a steady walk, just as if there were no bullets there.

"And now we would run forward fifty yards and throw ourselves flat, then another fifty yards and the halt and the falling flat, and each time we could see the village that was a fortress nearer.

"And once when we were lying down and I saw that the officers were standing, just cool and quiet, it came to me that a man has to pay in such ways to be an officer.

"I saw the colonel fall. He was shot from his horse and carried back.

"The first major, he took command, and he galloped to the skirmish line, and he was shot. Then the second major, too, was shot, and he tried to get up, but he could not stand, and he sat on a big stone and shouted: 'Go on! Go on!' And he took a gun from a dead man and fired it.

"We were ordered to fix bayonets, and that made us glad, but even yet the men carried their rifles on their shoulders as they ran. We were not near enough to charge with bayonets.

"I wish I could tell you what it was like as we got near that village of St. Privat—the noise, the smoke, the flashes, the falling men and only one desire in our hearts.

"There were three sergeants in the color section, one at each side of me. And first the one at my right was killed. Then the one at my left was shot—eight big bullets in his body from a mitrailleuse—eight! Yet he afterward got well, while many a man died from only one little bullet.

"And at last we went at a bayonet charge, and for the first time there was a cheer, a wild and savage cheer, and we ran on, eager to plunge the bayonets, and we could see as we came near the village that the French were firing from behind barricades and garden walls and from windows.

"And we looked into the wild faces of the French, and they met us hand to hand. Ah, we climbed over walls and barricades, and we fired and bayoneted, and we fought them in the streets!

"On and on we went. It was a wild time of shooting, bayoneting, wrestling, clubbing, shouting. On and on, but it was slow work and terrible, for the French fought for every step.

"I was at the front, for I had the colors. There were a few officers still left, and they were shouting and waving their swords, and other regiments stormed into the village with us, and after awhile—I can't say how long—the place was ours.

"As I tell it to you it seems perhaps a simple thing. But when the regiment was paraded before the battle began we were more than 2,900 men and more than fifty officers, and we lost in the fight forty officers and more than a thousand men. Yes, that was the loss of just my regiment alone. It was morderisch, but it was necessary.

"Well, it was over. The village was blazing, and many a dead man lay in the ruins. Some sat upright, dead, with their backs against walls."

THE SCOURING RUSH.

A Queer Plant That Can Be Changed Into a Mineral.

The scouring rush, Equisetum hiemale, is an interesting plant which has been put to practical use. In old times its hollow, flinty stems were in great repute for kitchen cleaning purposes. The stems are hollow and are easily separated at the joints. If one would satisfy himself as to the peculiar property that first suggested the use of this rush for scouring purposes he has only to draw a joint across the edge of his teeth to find it like a file.

A very pretty chemical experiment is frequently made with the rush. If one takes a small vial of nitric acid into which an ordinary lead is immersed he will quickly see it dissolve, literally eaten up by the acid. But what does the scouring rush do under such circumstances?

Immediately upon its introduction to the acid the sizzling process begins. The green pulp of the stem is gradually consumed, the tube, however, still retaining its shape, becoming paler and paler in color until after a few hours the specimen is transformed into a pure white alabaster-like column which defies any further attack from the acid.

On taking it from the vial and washing it carefully in running water the operator holds in his hands a beautiful tube of pure, glassy flint, or silica, an object of great microscopic beauty of construction. The scouring rush is no longer a vegetable, but a mineral, and in observing its skeleton of stone the secret of its utility as a scouring brush is easily understood.—New York Tribune.

DUTCH STREET CARS.

The Conductor Carries More Documents Than a Congressman.

Countries may be known by their street cars. The rush and jar of our big cities are exemplified in the rapid, rude transit of its inhabitants. So the character of orderly little Holland may be gathered from observation of her car service. Says J. U. Higginbotham in "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium":

Street car fare in Holland is 3 cents a trip, and for 4 cents you receive a return ticket. The conductor carries more documents than a congressman. For every fare he opens an aluminium box about 4 by 6 and hands out a receipt or a return ticket, as the case may be.

When the passengers pay their tickets he places the tickets in a leather pouch hung by a strap round his neck. It is important that you retain the receipt given you, for at uncertain intervals a "controleur" gets on the car and examines all receipts, puts his O. K. on them with a rubber stamp and compares the result with the manifest or log carried by the conductor. It is quite the correct thing to tip the conductor with a Dutch cent or two.

Each car has a card inside stating how many places there are, and on each platform is another saying how many people may stand thereon. When the seats and both platforms are full the sign "Vol" is put up and no more are permitted to get aboard. Our car probably had thirty people in it and on the platforms and was turning business away at every crossing.

Color.

Of the light rays that fall upon an object some are taken up by the object and others are reflected. It is to the reflected rays that we are to turn for the explanation of color. For instance, a sheet of white paper is "white" because all the seven kinds of light are reflected from its surface, while the sunflower is "yellow" because when light falls on it the violet, indigo, blue and green rays are selected for absorption, and yellow principally is reflected. The reflective rays, received by the eye, produce the sensation of color. This is an explanation of nearly all the colors that exist.

Poison Hemlock.

Water hemlock is a deadly plant common in most country neighborhoods. Its roots are eaten often in spring by mistake for some edible root, and death frequently results. Cattle are often poisoned by drinking water in marshes where it grows. The poison hemlock from which the Greeks made poisons is a near relative to the water hemlock. It stands from two to seven feet high and has clusters of small white flowers and large, parsleylike leaves. The stalk, being hollow, is often made into whistles by country boys, and many children are poisoned in this fashion.

Handicapped.

"What profession do you think our boy Joe had better adopt?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"I dunno," answered her husband. "Joe is rather handicapped by circumstances. The only profession he's naturally adapted to is that of a capitalist, and I don't quite see where he's goin' to get the money."

A Drink of Water.

A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draft. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

An Impertinent Question.

A young man hurriedly entered a restaurant and sat down at the table nearest the kitchen. With shuffling feet the waitress advanced.

"Have you frog legs?" the young man anxiously inquired.

"No, indeed. Rheumatism makes me walk like this," the waitress indignantly replied.—Judge's Library.

Evasive.

The Professor—And how did Phocion shamefully evade his duty? The Freshman (who doesn't know)—I have been taught, sir, never to speak ill of the dead.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Goodness Nosed.

When the clerk informed the customer that the handkerchiefs were \$7.50 each the latter remarked:

"No, sirree! That's too much money to blow in!"—Judge's Library.

Before accepting a favor look for the string that may be tied to it.—Atchison Globe.

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPPECANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.

G. A. Davids, Sachem.
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SOUTH CITY AERIE No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall at 8 p. m. A. McSweeney, Worthy President. Harry Edwards, Secretary. Visiting brothers welcome.

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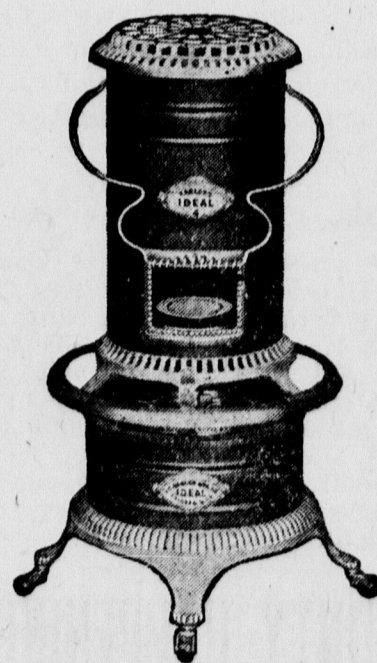
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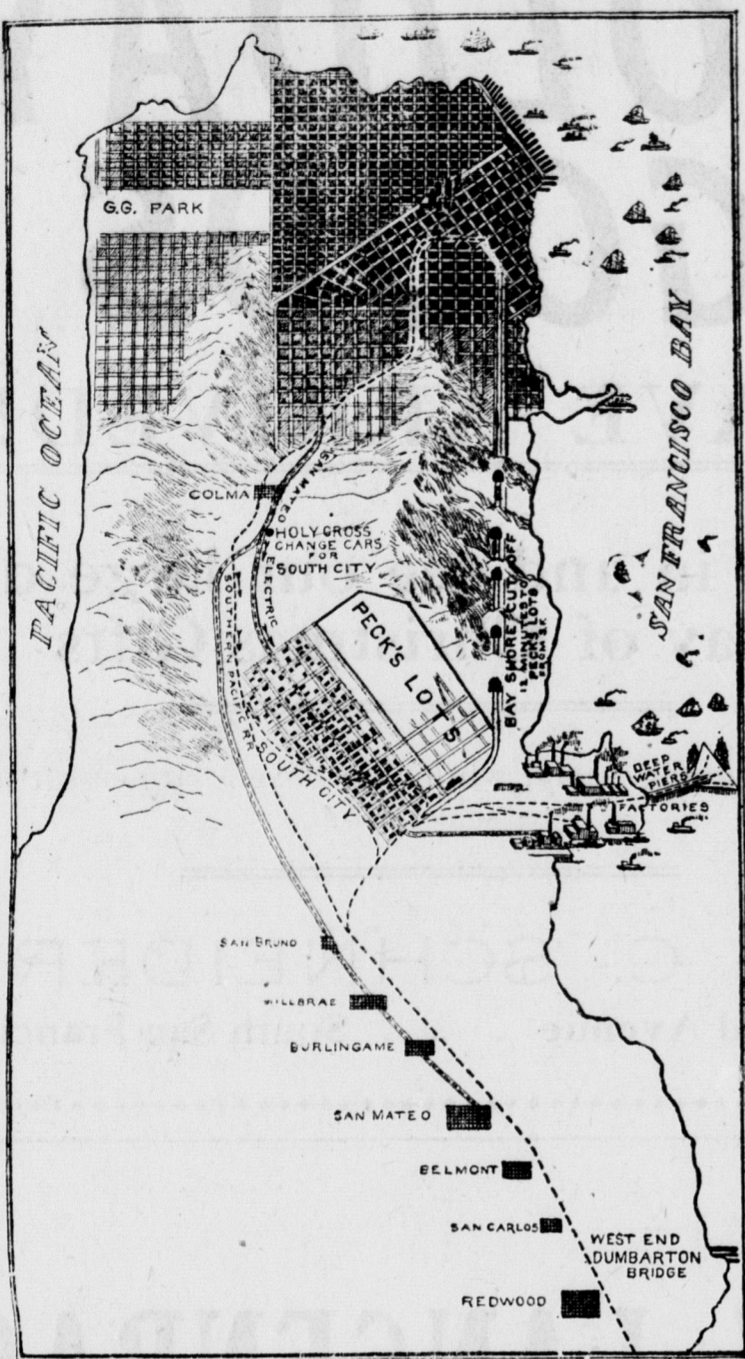
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THANKSGIVING EXERCISES AT LOCAL SCHOOL

Last Wednesday a pleasing program was rendered by the children of our public school. The program was as follows: Song, "Hail the Glad Thanksgiving," by the school; Recitation, "Why He Got No Pie," by Virna Hooton; Dialogue, "The Festival Month," by Mildred Foley, Dozalina Ocelli and Florence Brawn; Solo, "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," by Velma Pike; Recitation, "A Thanksgiving Letter," by Hazel Mahoney; Dialogue, "Johnnie White's Thanksgiving," by Willie Farrell, Frank Fischer and Henry Lintott; Song, "What Makes Thanksgiving," by the school; Dialogue, "The Turkey's Consolation," by Marion Silvernail and Lenore Parr; Recitation, "Out for a Walk," by Maude Wallace; song, "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," by Lenore Parr, Arthur Woodman and William Chalmers; Dialogue, "Among the Apples," by Bernard Gaffney, Leonardo Money, William Castro, Thomas Spellman and Lee Sneath; Recitation, "The Orphan Turkeys," by Lucy Fleming; Song, "Dear Old Hills of California," by the school; Recitation, "The Turkey Conundrum," by Willard Sullivan; Dialogue, "A November Party," by Emile Mosser, Dannie Lawler and Alex Welte; Song, "Will There Be Any Stars," by William Chalmers, Robert Tracie, Arthur Woodman, Velma Pike, Josephine Baggenstos, Frances Martin, Claude Moore and Leon Chalmers; Dialogue, "To-Day and Long Ago," by Helen Carmody, Elizabeth Hyland and Viola Golding; Recitation, "The Reason Why," by Arthur Woodman; Song, "Harvest Home," by the school; Recitation, "Oyster Soup Recipe," by Elgan Patten; Dialogue, "Margie's Thanksgiving," by Antelle Fourcans and Emily Bartoli; Song, "Red Wing," by Louise Palany, Marion Silvernail, Marguerite Davis, Lenore Parr, William Castro, William Veit and Thomas

Spellman; Dialogue, "Why We Give Thanks," by Joe Pacheco and William Chalmers; Recitation, "A Trying Question," by Robert Tracie; Song, "Father We Thank Thee," by the school; Recitation, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," by John Foley; Dialogue, "When Mother Carves the Duck," by Charlie Lachelle, Albert Madden, Emelio Lucchesi, Louis Belloni, Maduro Devenchenti and Brandley Plymire; Song, "Just Across the Bridge of Gold," by Frances Martin and Velma Pike; Dialogue, "Thanksgiving," by Joe Sartori, John Dancak, Sylvio Schenone, Tony Ferro, and Claude Moore; Solo, "Love Me and The World Is Mine," by William Castro; Recitation, "Two Thanksgivings," by Virna Hooton; Solo, Harmonica solo, by Johnnie Fischer; Recitation, "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving," by Gretchen Cushing; Dialogue, "Sue's Thanksgiving," by Thelma Raspadori and Agnes Karbe; Solo, "Childhood," by Bernard Gaffney; Dialogue, "A Rhyme of Thanksgiving Week," by Rita Fleming, Annie Kavanagh and Matilda Bissett; Recitation, "The Wish Bone," by Harold Harms; Accordeon Solo, by Tony Ferro; Recitation, "Which?" by Mimi Cushing; Song, "Una's Letter," by Virna Hooton; Dialogue, "After Harvest," by Frances Martin, Edith Bartoli and Mable Newmann; Recitation, "The Trouble," by Maria Miaratta; Song, "My Own United States," by the school; Dialogue, "After Thanksgiving," by Leon Chalmers and Johnnie McDonald; Recitation, "Closing," by Emma Johnson; Song, "America," by the school.

COUNTY HAPPENINGS.

County Superintendent of schools visited the coast side schools this week.

E. J. White, grand jury expert, has commenced his labors on the county's books at Redwood City.

The charges Mrs. Kendall made against J. J. Bullock as special administrator of the estate of his deceased wife and asking for his removal were withdrawn in open court last week at Redwood City. Mr. Bullock filed a report which shows there is a deposit of \$1654.48 in various banks, that the real estate left to him is still in his possession as well as the personal effects of his wife.

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY LETTER

Berkeley, November 27, 1908.—At ten o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 26, the University of California laid the cornerstone of the magnificent new university library, which is now being built from the bequest of Charles Franklin Doe.

Mr. Doe bequeathed a fourth part of his estate to the University of California for the erection and endowment of the library. His bequest will have brought to the University, by the time the building is completed, about three-quarters of a million dollars. Of this amount six hundred and fifty thousand dollars is now to be spent upon the new library building.

This monumental edifice, which is to stand between old North Hall and California Hall, its Corinthian columned front facing toward the north, will be of a white California granite, with an interior framework of steel fire-proofed in concrete, with floors and wall-backing of concrete, and with a roof of red Mission tile. The interior finish will be of metal, as will also all bookshelves, and the building will be as fireproof as modern engineering skill knows how to build.

The edifice will contain book capacity for between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand volumes. It will contain also a main reading room, a noble apartment two hundred feet in length, with adequate space for four hundred and fifty readers; two reading rooms half the size of this, one for the Bancroft Library of California History and one for bound periodicals and for current periodicals; thirty seminar rooms, where graduate and advanced students may work with the books needed in their investigations close at hand about them; two class rooms thirty feet square; a very large catalogue and delivery room; a number of administrative rooms; very ample provision for the University Press, that department of the University which has to do with the publica-

tion of scientific series, bulletins, journals, etc.; and large storage space, work rooms, machinery rooms, etc.

A pneumatic tube service will be provided by which books may be readily transferred from one portion of the building to another or from the library to Boalt Hall, the new law school building which is about to be erected through the generosity of Mrs. John H. Boalt and through the co-operation of a number of the leading lawyers of the State. There will be very adequate provision also for lighting, for vacuum cleaning, for elevator and book-lift service, for heating and ventilation, and for all the mechanical side of library administration.

The University already has a library of some two hundred and sixty thousand volumes and over one hundred thousand manuscripts. That this immense and immensely valuable collection is now to be placed in a modern building, where it will be protected from fire and be readily accessible for all the citizens of the State and for the three thousand students of the University, is the great good fortune which Mr. Doe's munificence has brought to the University.

"CURE FOR POVERTY"

Subject of Sermon at St. Pauls
M. E. Church

The pastor, Rev. E. D. Kizer, will preach the above subject at St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday evening. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

Notice to Persons Holding Library Cards

The present library is closed, and all holding books are requested to return same to 332 Commercial Avenue before next Tuesday, or on that evening at St. Pauls church between 7 and 8 o'clock.

The next library will be located at the South City Pharmacy. E. D. KIZER, Librarian.

TO ADVERTISE CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

This office is making arrangements to print an advertising envelope showing the advantages of the City of South San Francisco as a location for factories and homes. On the front of the envelope will be printed a map of this city and vicinity. On the reverse side descriptive matter about the advantages of this place will be printed. Orders will be taken from business men and citizens in large or small quantities. It is intended that all residents of this city shall use these envelopes in their correspondence in order to advertise South San Francisco in a thorough manner.

SAN BRUNO ITEMS

A. A. LoReaux, representing the citizens of San Bruno, last week secured a permanent injunction from Superior Judge Geo. H. Buck restraining the school trustees of that town from building a school on either of two disputed sites. The school trustees entered a demurrer which has been overruled and the injunction will stand. The citizens of San Bruno will hold a mass meeting next Wednesday evening, at which time a permanent site will be selected. The school trustees for San Bruno are: A. Jenevein, J. H. Kirk and J. H. Huff.

See the great offer of gold coin The Enterprise is making for new subscribers on page 6.